

falls, twenty do . . . . Sometimes tent poles smack in the middle of a stall." He finished and flung the hose into the dark. "Listen, if you need a beer, I'm in the silver trailer next to the Secretary's tent."

"Thanks." He watched the man in white leave the tent and enter the dark night, thongs in hand. The mare hung her head over the door and swung it towards him, her top lip twisting like a thumb. "Elephant trunk nose." He grabbed the lip in one hand and she twisted it around in his fingers, licked him. He let go. She used the lip to move the collar away from his neck and unfold it so it stood straight up. Then she nipped his shoulder. He smacked her neck and she moved her head away only to return it. The soft whap of his palm against her shoulder echoed in the tent. "Don't do it again," he pointed his finger at her.

On his way down the aisle, he saw a groom wrapping the poulticed legs of a jumper and another, a male, drinking a beer and holding a hose down in a water bucket. They looked at him, still in his breeches, shirt, socks, and he knew they were waiting to be riders and not grooms. He remembered that wanting very well. He couldn't see in the dark, and he walked placing his footsteps as he went up the hill. It had been a long day. Tomorrow would be a long day . . . . All the days that involved horses would be long days.

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## MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Gina R.E. Zellmer

Mr. and Mrs. Smith  
checked into the HOLIDAY INN  
at approximately,  
quarter past midnight.

Mrs. Smith  
wore her mother's diamond wedding ring,  
and Mr. Smith . . .  
felt like a Man.